

# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1867.

NO. 19.

## Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
C. G. EASTERBROOK.

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### SELECTED ARTICLES.

(From Sherren Guide to Weymouth.)

WEYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Weymouth can claim an antiquity as

a township equal to any portion of the

United Kingdom. Ancient records, and

the more certain indications continually

opened up by the zealous antiquarian,

confirm the opinion that Tyrian merchants

traded to these shores, even before the

luxurious Roman contended, foot by foot,

for the soil of this county in particular,

as for the Island in general. Traces of

Phœnician pottery, altars for Druidical

sacrifices, Roman, Saxon and Danish re-

mains, and the still earlier specimens of

antiquarian petrifications with which the

coast and adjacent land abound, make

this particular neighborhood one of great

interest to the lovers of antiquarian re-

search; whilst the fragmentary and

crumbling ruins of monastic and feudal

edifices claim for Weymouth an impor-

tant place in the records of a "bygone

age."

Weymouth derives its name from its

situation on the south side of the mouth

of the river Wey or Way, which rises

about four miles distant in the village of

Ipway. It lies in 2 deg. 34 min. west

long, and 50 deg. 38 min. north lat.,

and is 88 leagues by sea, and 130 miles

by land from London.

The year 338 is the earliest period at

which we have any authentic record of

the town of Weymouth. In that year

King Athelstan exposed his half-brother

Edwin and his esquire to the fury of the

winds and waves in an open boat with-

out oars. Prince Edwin, overwhelmed

with despair, leaped overboard, and found

a watery grave; but his esquire was

driven ashore on the coast of Pliardy,

and was hospitably received by the in-

habitants. The king was seized with a

fit of remorse on account of this cruel

transaction, and retired to a religious

house at Langport, in Somersetshire,

hoping by an after life of penance to

atone for his crime. He also founded

the abbey of Michelney and Middleton,

(now Milton) where masses were sung

for the repose of his brother's soul; and

subsequently granted to the abbey all the

water within the shore at Weymouth and

half the stream of the said Weymouth

at sea, together with nearly a hundred

hides of land in the neighborhood, on

condition that the monks of the abbey

should pray for the repose of his soul,

and the repose of the souls of his an-

cestors and successors, Kings of England.

The next mention we find of the

town of Weymouth is in a charter of

King Ethelred, now in the possession of

the Dean and Chapter of Wilton, by

which the King gave a certain portion of

land in that place, called by the in-

habitants Wick and Weymouth, near the

Island, to his faithful minister, Astere.—

In the time of Edward the Confessor it

belonged to the Abbey of Cerne, as part

and parcel of the manor of Radipole.

Though at all times of political im-

portance, Weymouth rapidly declined

until the middle of the eighteenth century.

Various causes conduced to this state of

affairs. The prosperity of Poole as a

rival port seriously affected the commerce

of the place, until in 1787 George III.,

made Weymouth his summer residence,

and his presence gave a healthy and

increasing impetus to its affairs.

The late Ralph Allen, Esq., of Bath,

first recommended Weymouth as a bath-

ing-place. Being himself advised, about

the year 1763, to use sea-bathing, he re-

ceived great benefit, and the recommen-

dation of this gentleman induced others

to visit the place, which soon became the

resort of the first families from every

part of the kingdom. But to the late

Duke of Gloucester the town is mostly

indebted for the important position it

occupies. For His Royal Highness having

himself felt singular benefit in the re-est-

ablishment of his health, and having

provided a house which afforded a tem-

porary residence for the Royal Family,

advised George III. to visit this place.

The town is abundantly supplied with

water of the purest description; and on

account of the elevated position of the

reservoir, the pipes can be carried into

the highest rooms of the houses, whilst

hydrants are placed at convenient dis-

tances throughout the town to secure an

immediate supply in case of fire.

The bathing place is the beautiful

bay, which forms nearly a semicircle,

making a sweep of about two miles. It

is admirably protected from winds by the

surrounding hills, which not only exhibit

a pleasing and picturesque view, but ren-

## der the sea so perfectly secure that

storms but seldom disturb its tranquility.

The Sands and the Esplanade offer a

promenade scarcely to be equalled by

any watering place in England. From

the windows of the houses fronting the

bay a most delightful prospect may be

obtained; the mountainous hills and

chalky cliffs on the left, whose lofty heads

salute the clouds, stretch upwards of 20

miles from east to west. On the right,

the bay and town are secured by a range

of hills immediately connected with it,

and by the Island of Portland, at some

little distance from it.

About half-a-mile S. W. of the town,

on a high cliff, stands Weymouth Castle,

built in 1553, by Henry VIII. The

walls were thick and lofty when entire,

and though not large it must have been

a beautiful structure. It appears to have

been thoroughly neglected since the Re-

formation, and is now entirely in ruins.

THE JILT.

She's jilted me, my Joe John,

She offered me my hat;

I did not like to go, John,

But what care'd she for that?

I loved her, long have loved her,

And thought my love returned,

But my mishap has proved her,

And now my love is spurned.

'Tis needless to pursue her,

I clearly now perceive.

She would not have a wooer

Who wears an empty sleeve.

'Twas not my empty sleeve, Tom,

I judge 'twas something worse;

And this you may believe, Tom,

It was your empty purse.

If you design to win her,

But let your metal ring,

And true as I'm a sinner,

You'll catch that scolding thing.

But then when I have caught her

And made her fast for life,

You'll rue the day you bought her,

She'll never make a wife.

The girl who looks with scorn

On empty sleeve or purse,

Believe me, Tom, take warning,

Will always prove a curse.

Then be no more her lover,

But let her sooner go,

In time she will discover

What now she does not know;

That you are fortune's minion,

And then for her mistake,

Dear Tom, 'tis my opinion,

Had she a heart, 'twould break.

T.

## A YANKEE TRICK.

A certain farmer, who in the course of

a year purchased several dollars worth of

goods, (and always paid for them,) called

at the store of a village merchant—his

regular place of dealing—with two dozen

brooms, which he offered for sale. The

merchant, (who, by the way, is fond of a

good bargain,) examined his stock, and

said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shil-

ling apiece for those brooms."

"Oh, no, John, I can't begin to take

that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have

'em for 20 cents a piece, and not a cent

less."

"Cyrus you are crazy," replied John.

"Why see here," showing a fine lot of

brooms, "is an article a great deal better

than yours (which was true) which I am

retailing at 12 1-2 cents a piece."

"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus;

"your brooms are cheap, but you can't

have mine for less than 20 cents any

how," and pretending to be rather more

than half angry, shouldered his brooms

and started for the door.

The merchant, getting nervous over

the loss of a good customer, and fearing

that he would go to another store, and

never return, said:

"See here, hold on a while. If I give

you 20 cents for your brooms, you will

not object to take the price of them out

in our goods?"

"No, I don't care if I do," replied Cy-

rus.

"Well, as you are an old customer, I

will allow you 20 cents apiece for this lot.

Let me see—24 times 20 makes just 480

cents. What kind of goods will you

have, Cyrus?"

"Well now, John, reckon it don't make

much difference to you what sort of goods

I take, does it?"

"Oh, no, not at all," said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make any dif-

ference, I will take the amount in them

brooms of yours at twelve and a half

cents apiece. Let me see, four dollars

and eighty cents will get 30 brooms and

ten cents over. It don't make much dif-

ference, John, about ten cents, but as you

are a right clever fellow, I believe I'll

take the change in terbacker."

The police force of Paris consists of

37000 men, and the cost of maintaining

the department is thirteen millions of

francs, or one-twelfth of the revenue of

the capital.

Some scientific men say that

there should be some iron in food, so that

electricity can invigorate the system.

A brother and two sisters live in Port-

land, Me., whose united ages are 285 1-4

years.

## SUT LOVEGOOD'S SHIRT.

The first person I met was "Sut," after

crossing the Hiwassee, weaving and mov-

ing along in his usual rambling and un-

certain gait. His appearance at once

satisfied me that something was wrong.

But upon this point I was soon enlight-

ened.

"You know I boards with Bill Carr, at

his cabin on the mountain, and pays for

such as I gets when I have money, and

when I haven't any, why he takes one-

third outen me in cussin', and she, that's

his wife, Bets, takes out t'other two-

thirds with her tongue, and the interest

is more than the principal—hear more.

She can scold a blister out of a bull's face,

right on the curl, in two minits. Oh!

she's one on 'em, and sometimes two or

three. Well, ye see, I got some home-

made cotton truck to make a new shirt,

and coaxed Bets to make it, and about

the time it was done lawyer cum along

and axed for breakfast. I wish it had

pizened him, and I wonder it didn't, for

she cooks awful mixins when she tries.

I'm pizen proof myself, or I'd been dead

long ago.

Well, while he was a catin' she spied

out that his shirt was stiff and mity slick;

so she never rested till she worm'd it

outen him that flour did it, and arter he

left she set in and biled a big pot of

paste, nigh onto a peck of it, an' soused

in my shirt and let it soak awhile; then

she tuck it an' ironed it out flat and dry

an' sot it upon its aidge agin the cabin

in the sun. That it stood, as stiff as a

dry hoss hide, an' it rattled like a sheet

of iron, it did. It was wasted together

all over. When I cum to dinner nothin

wud do but I must put it on. Well,

Bets an' me got the thing open arter

some hard work, she pullin' at one of the

tails and me at t'other, an' I got into it.



THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1867.

## ANCIENT DOCUMENT.

Mr. J. J. Ladd has transcribed from the ancient town records the deed of sale of the Indians to the town of Weymouth, in 1642, and has furnished the same for publication in the Gazette. The original spelling of the document is given as recorded.

The 7th day of July, 1685, James Ludden senior of Weymouth in New England aged 74 years, whose name is subscribed as the only surviving witness to this Deed of Sale made by the Indians to the Town of Weymouth as on the other side doth fully appear. He the said James Ludden personally appeared before me underwritten, and his corporal oath deposted, that he saw the said Indians who were the grantors of the land herein mentioned, signe and deliver this Deed of Sale to the use of the inhabitants of said Towne of Weymouth and their posterity forever. And that he was present when James Parker and the rest of the witnesses subscribed their names hereto.

Taken upon oath the day and year above written before me William Tracy appointed to administer oaths by the Genl Court.

Lib. 13th page 349, &c.  
Entered with the Records of the county of Suffolk for Deeds 16th July 1685.  
Attest, ISA ADINGTON, Secy.

An agreement between the Inhabitants of Weymouth and the Indians concerning their land sold to the planters of the Towne of Weymouth this present year 1642 the 26th of the 2d month (April).

Know all men by these presents, that whereas we Wampumpe alias Josias Wampumpe alias Nahawit did formerly possess and retayne that land of Weymouth now called Weymouth.

We whose names are above written, who are now the proper owners of the aforesaid land of the Towne now called Weymouth, viz: Wampumpe alias Josias Wampumpe alias Nahawit as we had it given to us from our predecessors, viz: A great Sagamore called Wampumpe, we do hereby declare and publish to all men that for and in consideration that we the aforesaid persons have received from the English men (who are now planters in and about that place of Weymouth) six acres of ground impaled and broken up, and one house, as also twenty acres of ground being near the small Pond near the plantation or Towne called Weymouth. In consideration whereof we the above said persons have and do fully give and grant, Assigne, set over and also fully yield up all the aforesaid grounds spoken of, and all the Estate, Right, Title, Interest, Possession, Benefit, Claim, and Demand, that we the aforesaid parties, or any of us had, might, may, or ought to have in or to the said premises, or any part or parcel thereof.

And this is our full intent, that the aforesaid persons shall hold to them and theirs forever all the ground And hereby we do hereby declare that we are fully satisfied for our former interests. And do now account the English men living there in that Towne of Weymouth the true and proper owners of the bounds of their Towne according to their limit, or deed by their Genral Court. And hereby we do publish to all that we bind ourselves and ours forever to maintain this our deed and sale to the present Inhabitants of Wamoth formerly called Weymouth and their posterity forever. And forasmuch as now the aforesaid ground is now become the property of the present Inhabitants of the aforesaid place to them and theirs forever. We the aforesaid persons above specified do account ourselves now Inhabitants of the Towne and therefore to enjoy all privileges with them as they themselves enjoy. And do promise that we will live orderly among them. If they receive any damage through our aforesaid with them either by our dogs, traps, or otherwise, we will fully recompence the damages as the English in the Towne that are town Dwellers do; in Witness whereof we have sett our hands in presence of us.

Edward Bennett,  
James Ludden,  
Thomas Holbrook,  
Thomas White,  
James Parker,  
William Jellery,  
William Carpenter,  
John Upham.

of Nahawit.  
of Nahawit.  
of Nahawit.

Dated 3d of 1st month (March) 1652.  
An agreement Made with Wataumit in the behalfe of the Indians that have right to 24 acres of planting land which land they were to have by the fresh Pond near the towne which land the said Wataumit is content to take for himselfe, and the rest of the Indians that have right to this land above Smeel Brooke, to which agreement I the above Wataumit have set my hand.

The mark Y of Wataumit.  
In the presence of us Wataumit.  
John Rogers,  
John Holbrook,  
Thos. Holbrook.

Capt. John Holbrook, aged 60 years testifies and saith that he was present and did see Wataumit and Indian signe & acknowledge this writing above to be his act and deed, and that he, this deponent with the other witnesses (Selection of the Towne of Weymouth) sett their hands as witnesses.

Swoine in Boston, July 9th, 1685.  
B fore us,  
John Richards,  
Elisha Cooke.

Picnic.—The Sunday School connected with the Catholic society of Weymouth made an excursion to the grove at Abington Center yesterday. About 500 attended the picnic, and the day was passed in a pleasant manner, considering the disagreeable state of the weather.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Aug. 20, 1867.

Mr. Editor:—Having made a recent visit to Mr. Vernon, Va., and thinking it may be of some interest to your readers, I give you a brief sketch of the trip. Starting from Seventh street wharf, on board of the fine little steamer Wawasset we were soon winding our way over the beautiful Potomac, and after two hours' pleasant sail landed on soil made sacred by hallowed associations of olden time. Wending our way up the shady path we soon reached the tomb of Washington, which is of brick, with open front and iron grating, through which can be seen two stone coffins—Washington's on the right and that of his wife on the left. In the background can be seen an iron door leading to a vault, where members of the family are interred. There are three monuments erected near the tomb, one erected over the remains of Bushrod Washington and his wife. He was nephew to Gen. Washington, and was commissioned by him as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He died in 1829, and his wife survived him but two days, dying of a broken heart. The inscription reads thus:—"Lovingly in their lives, and in death they were not long divided."

Leaving the tomb, and passing to the negro quarters, we came to the old family mansion, which of course is an ancient looking building. Entering the hall and turning to the left, we are in the drawing room. In one corner is a harpsichord presented by Gen. Washington to his step-daughter, Emme Custis, (Mrs. Lewis) as a wedding present. Our young daughter amused herself awhile with touching the chords once familiar and responding to the touch of fingers long since mouldering in the dust. There are two mahogany tables in the room, one of which is a part of Gen. Washington's camp equipage. The mantelpiece over the fireplace is of marble, with curiously carved figures—a present to the General from Italy. Suspended from the wall is a large iron key of the Bastille, presented to him by Lafayette. There are other mementoes in the room, such as pictures, &c.

Leading from this room are the east and west parlors. These rooms are furnished, excepting an old sofa. Ascending a stairway we come to the death chamber. There is an indescribable feeling of awe as we enter this room, from which the spirit of Washington winged its way to the best mansions prepared above. There is no furniture in this room, the bedstead having recently been removed on account of visitors cutting pieces from it as relics. Only a part of the house is open to visitors, one portion being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, who have charge of the place. There are several negroes employed on the grounds, occupying the smaller houses called the negro quarters.

After visiting the flower garden and orchard, and taking a delicious drink from the clear, cool spring, we seated ourselves beneath the sacred shade of the grand old trees to rest awhile. After a short visit of two hours the steamer rang her bell as a signal for our departure, and thus ended our trip to the lovely scenes once familiar to the Father of his Country, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

H. M. TORREY.

Dover, Me., Aug. 1867.

Mr. Editor:—My last letter to you pursuing a west course from Dover and Foxcroft. Changing the direction a little to the south, after travelling through pleasant villages and past fine farms, for about 15 miles, we strike the noble old Kennebec river at Skowhegan, about 80 miles from its mouth, and the remains of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad—Skowhegan is one of the smartest towns in Maine, and is destined to be a city of some importance, it being a central point for a large surrounding country.

Five miles up the river is Norridgewock, the shire town of Somerset Co. Here the famous Noridgewock tribe of Indians had their camping ground. About two miles from the village may be seen a monument, supposed to have been erected by them over their chiefs. The town derives its name from the Indians, one of whom, as tradition informs us, is going down the river in a scow, finding himself too near the falls for safety, swam ashore. Looking sorrowfully after his lost boat, he exclaimed, "Skow he gone"; hence the origin of the name.

Kendall's mills, about 15 miles down river, is another place of considerable importance, being a large lumber manufacturing place. The best curtain fixtures are made here for a concern in New York, and shipped thence to all parts of the world.

Somerset, about three miles up the river, is another extensive lumber manufacturing place. Waterville is three miles down river, where is situated Colby University, formerly Waterville College. This is also the head of river steamboat navigation. At this point, on the opposite side of the river, the Sebasticook river empties into the Kennebec, at the mouth of which stands an old black-house, used for defence in old Indian times, now a somewhat dilapidated ruin.

L. T.

## Ordination of Mr. Joseph H. Gannett.

An ecclesiastical council met at the chapel of the Baptist church in East Gloucester, on Thursday, Aug. 22, at 10 o'clock A. M., to examine Mr. Joseph H. Gannett, of this town, with reference to his settlement as pastor of that church. The council was organized by the choice of Rev. Gideon Cole, of this town, for moderator, and Rev. J. C. Foster, of Beverly, for clerk. Mr. Gannett then related his christian experience, call to the ministry, and views of christian doctrine—all of which were clearly stated, and highly satisfactory. The council voted to proceed with his ordination at 2 o'clock P. M., which service was performed by the following persons:—Invocation by Rev. I. C. Thatcher of the Congregational Church in Gloucester; Reading of Scriptures and Prayer by Rev. E. N. Harris, seamen's chaplain of Gloucester; sermon by Rev. Gideon Cole, of this town; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. L. A. Abbott of Middleboro'; Hand of Fellowship by Rev. A. D. Gorham of Wenham; Charge to the Candidate by Rev. A. Dunn of East Haverhill; Address to the Church by Rev. J. C. Foster of Beverly.

It was a matter of interest that the three pastors who have successively served the Baptist church in this town, viz: Revs. A. Dunn, L. A. Abbott, and G. Cole. The sermon was an exhortation from M. C. Dizer & Co., and quite a variety of articles from other friends, such as butter knife, cheese knife, carving knife and fork, silver spoons, napkin rings, and what is now considered quite a curiosity, a silver dollar from his mother, besides other silver coins.

Wedding cake and ice cream were provided for the company, and the evening was passed pleasantly. May they live to celebrate their golden wedding.

Base Ball.—A large number of the people of East Weymouth attended the match on Boston Common last Saturday, between the Mechanics Club of East Weymouth and the Lowell's of Boston.

Nine large teams, beside smaller vehicles, conveyed the crowd to the Hingham steambaths, on which they were conveyed to the city. The game was well contested, but as was expected, the result was in favor of the Lowell's. Should the Mechanics continue to improve as rapidly as they have for a few months past, they will soon prove formidable adversaries to the most noted clubs. The score stood 35 for Lowell's, 15 for Mechanics.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

Silver Wedding.—Mr. and Mrs. Noble Morse, of Old Spain, celebrated their silver wedding-day last Tuesday evening. About 60 friends were present, among them relatives from Boston and Dorchester—sisters of Mrs. Morse, with their children. Rev. Mr. Rockwood made some interesting remarks, alluding to the happy circumstances which had crowned the life of the wedded pair, and closed with an appropriate prayer.

The following poem, written for the occasion by Miss C. Ford, was then read by Mr. Rockwood.

TO MR. AND MRS. MORSE.  
Time, Corruption.

Twenty-five years have quickly fled  
Since wedlock vows were given;  
The scenes of life of varied shade  
Should raise your thoughts to Heaven.

Almighty Love with watchful care  
Has hourly blessings given;  
May Grace Divine, with holy Prayer  
Unite your hearts to Heaven.

Adopted ones have shared your loves,  
With patient care you've striven  
To guide and prosper while on earth,  
And seek their rest in Heaven.

Should fondest ties be sunder'd soon,  
Love be by anguish given;  
May sweetest comfort be supplied  
And Faith take hold on Heaven.

Twenty-five more, on earth may be  
With choicest favors given;  
Or, higher scenes employ your souls  
At God's right hand in Heaven.

The presents consisted of silver spoons, knives, forks, cake baskets, &c. to a considerable amount. A generous entertainment was provided and the company spent the evening very pleasantly in social greetings and conversation.

A correspondent last week alluded to the store of Willis & Worster as the place from whence emanated the nickname applied to the musical club in this village. The assertion was made with no intention of doing them an injury, and as Messrs. Willis & Worster were not the authors of the slang term it is due to them that this retraction should be made.

Grand Temperance Demonstration.—A committee of the various temperance organizations in town, with other friends of temperance, met in the hall of Union Lodge of Good Templars on Monday evening last, to concert measures in reference to a grand demonstration of the temperance strength of Weymouth, further details of which will soon be announced. It was voted to extend an invitation to Hon. Henry Wilson to address the meeting.

E. Rosenfield, at South Weymouth, has reduced the prices of goods at his store, in order to stock up with fresh fall goods.

## EAST WEYMOUTH.

Didn't Shoot.—Monday evening last, a young man somewhat overcome with liquor entered Latkin's saloon and began to quarrel with a person sitting there. Mr. Latkin attempted to quiet him, when the fellow drew a pistol, but happily did not succeed in doing any injury, being overpowered by Mr. L., and hustled into a carriage, in which he was conveyed to his home.

Silver Wedding.—A company of about fifty in number, friends and connections of Mr. and Mrs. Noah T. Joy, gathered at their residence last Saturday evening, to mark the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day with silver and social greetings. Rev. Jonas Perkins, who was present, made some excellent remarks, and closed with prayer. It is an interesting fact to note, that Mr. Perkins married Mrs. Joy's parents, also Mr. Joy and wife, and Mr. Edward A. Joy, their son—three generations.

The singers present sang several old times, commencing with the familiar hymn, "Through all the changing scenes of life."

The display of presents was very attractive and ample in quantity. Among these silver tokens of friendship was a splendid ice pitcher, teapot and sugar bowl, from relatives of Mrs. Joy; set of silver spoons from Mr. Joy's relatives; cake basket from M. C. Dizer & Co., and quite a variety of articles from other friends, such as butter knife, cheese knife, carving knife and fork, silver spoons, napkin rings, and what is now considered quite a curiosity, a silver dollar from his mother, besides other silver coins.

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## SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

To Editor Weymouth Gazette.  
Dear Sir:—The Mutual Library Association of South Weymouth was organized November 13, 1863. The movements which resulted in this organization originated in the "Society for Mutual Improvement," of this place, which at a regular meeting held in March, 1863, appointed a committee to consider the subject of a library. This committee submitted a report at the next meeting, recommending certain measures to be taken towards raising necessary funds for a library and detailing certain plans for the government and support of the same. The report was accepted and acted upon with commendable energy, so that in a few months funds were raised, an association was formed and books were bought, which formed the nucleus of what is destined to be a very valuable library. It contains at the present time between five and six hundred volumes, embracing standard works of history, biography, poetry and science, besides such light literature as a correct taste may demand. The association numbers nearly two hundred members or stockholders.

The officers of the association consist of a Board of seven Directors, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian.

The following is the list of officers for the present year. Directors, Rev. S. H. Hayes, Rev. J. P. Terry, Rev. Elmer Hewitt, Minot Tirrell, Esq., Mr. William Byer, Col. J. L. Bates, and Dea. Josiah Reed; Treasurer, Oran White Esq.; Secy., C. C. Towery Librarian, J. Loren White.

The proceeds of the entertainments (from \$125 to \$150) the past week were devoted to the purchase of new books for the library.

The musical part of the entertainments was under the control of C. E. Rogers, who was assisted by J. Murray Whitcomb. The latter acted as leader of the choir.

The ice cream department was under the charge of J. Loren White.

The first concert was briefly noticed in your last.

Miss Skinner's performance at the first tableaux entertainment surpassed that of the first concert.

At the second concert solo singing was performed by Miss Mary Perceval of Cohasset, who charmed the audience by the melody of her voice, receiving heartiest applause.

The tableaux were conducted under the management of Mrs. Towery. (Mrs. C. E. Rogers who was originally appointed on the committee with Mrs. T. declined to serve on account of her services being wanted as a musician. Thursday evening being stormy, but small attendance was present at the tableaux exhibition which was considered, more by a rehearsal, the tickets sold at the door being returned.

On Friday evening there was a full house and according to universal report the tableaux were very fine—a perfect success. The pieces particularly admired were the first and last. The former, "Pyramid of Beauty," consisting of 25 young girls from three to ten years of age, with wreaths on their heads, nosegays in their hands, evergreen twined among them, produced a most lovely effect. The latter, "Bonquet of Liberty," consisted of eighteen young misses from the higher schools who wore gilded stars on their brows and held wreathed garlands in their hands, the whole being surmounted with two national flags. "The evening hymn of the Huguenots," "The eastern bride," were also very attractive pieces. Great praise is due to all the tableaux performers for the great pains they took in preparing costumes, &c.

The reading of "Bridge of Sighs" and "The Parson's One Horse Shay" was most admirably rendered and elicited the applause of the audience.

Mrs. C. E. Rogers and Miss Emme Sprague presided at the piano during the singing of solos, duets, &c. Miss Mary Hayes executed very difficult music on the piano with marked effect. Singing exercises by several young ladies occupied the time between the tableaux and was fully appreciated. Mr. Geo. Ladd sang "Lord Lovell," "Findegard's Wake," with an effect which showed he is master of comic song.

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Base Ball.—The Mutual Library Association of South Weymouth was organized November 13, 1863. The movements which resulted in this organization originated in the "Society for Mutual Improvement," of this place, which at a regular meeting held in March, 1863, appointed a committee to consider the subject of a library. This committee submitted a report at the next meeting, recommending certain measures to be taken towards raising necessary funds for a library and detailing certain plans for the government and support of the same. The report was accepted and acted upon with commendable energy, so that in a few months funds were raised, an association was formed and books were bought, which formed the nucleus of what is destined to be a very valuable library. It contains at the present time between five and six hundred volumes, embracing standard works of history, biography, poetry and science, besides such light literature as a correct taste may demand. The association numbers nearly two hundred members or stockholders.

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## BRAINTREE.

Cameo.—A caucus of the Republicans of Braintree was held at the Town Hall Monday evening last. E. Watson Arnold, chairman and N. A. Langley, Secretary. The following gentlemen—all sound temperance men, were elected as delegates to the following conventions:

County—John B. Arnold, J. R. Frazier, Abijah Allen, E. Q. Humphrey, Joseph H. Mellis.

Councillor—F. A. Hobart, J. G. Howard, Asa French, R. Porter, Jr. Henry Gardner.

Senatorial—J. T. Stevens, E. F. E. Thayer, Horace Faxon, A. Mason, Horace Abercrombie.

State Convention—A. S. Morrison, J. F. Porter, David H. Bates, Levi W. Hobart, F. W. Holbrook.

The base ball club at East Braintree will play a match game on Saturday afternoon with members of the Cricket club who will be formed into a ball club. The same will be played on the grounds at North Braintree.

Gen. Sylvanus Thayer, (continued.)

A distinguished writer of biography and genealogy says, "It is worthy of special remark that no changes have been found necessary in the organization and government of the Academy at West Point, since the period of Gen. Thayer's connection with it, but everything remains precisely as he established it in 1817," fifty years ago. The institution while under his charge, numbered 1631 pupils and 691 graduates. On account of his declining health through close attention to the affairs of the Academy he was at his own request transferred to the charge of the fortifications in Boston Harbor in 1833, over which he continued to have direction till 1857, except from Dec. 1843, till July 1846, during which years he went on a voyage for his health to Europe under a commission from the U. S. government to examine the state of military science and the fortifications on that continent. For this purpose he visited France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, and Hungary, then by way of Trieste, taking Greece and Egypt in turn, thence returning to his native land.

Major Thayer was made Brevet Lieut. Col. March 3, 1823, "for distinguished and meritorious services." Brevet Col. March 3, 1833, Lieut. Col. July 7, 1838. He has been a member of U. S. Board of Engineers, since April 2, 1833. Of this board he was President, from Dec. 7, 1838, to Dec. 1858. The degree of A. M. was conferred on him by his alma mater in 1819, and by Harvard College, 1811; the Honorary Degree of S. L. D. was conferred on him by St. John's College, Md., 1830; by Kenyon College, Ohio, 1846; by Dartmouth College in the year 1846. He was acting chief Engineer from Dec. 1837 to Dec. 1858. Appointed Brigadier General of U. S. Army, May, 1863.

Gen Thayer is at present in quite good spirits and is active in attending to his affairs, being his own clerk and doing all the business he has in the way of finances or correspondence himself, although in his 83rd year and suffering from the effects of his unwaried attention to military affairs for so many years. His laurels have been well earned; may he live to wear them long.

R. MON.

N. Austin Langley, Esq., has received a call to take charge of the academy at Shelburne Falls, Franklin County, Mass., and has accepted the appointment. The law business which he had in hand he has left with E. C. Bumpus, Esq., except a few superior court cases, which he has turned over to Asa French, Esq.

From Hayward's Gazetteer of Massachusetts we extract the following upon the town of Shelburne. "Deerfield river passes through the town and in its course falls nearly fifty feet in the distance of forty rods, thereby producing a great hydraulic power. On the banks of this river Shelburne Falls village has sprung up and promises to become a large manufacturing place; already the manufactures are important. This



Marriages and Deaths.

**MARRIED.**  
his town, Sept. 1, by Rev. A. C. Patterson, Thomas L. Foster, of Braintree, to Martha daughter of Mr. Thomas South, of this town, Aug. 21, 1867, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, and W. Phillips of this town, to Miss Mary Ann of Q.

**DIED.**  
his town, Sept. 1, Daniel W. Priest, aged 1 month 17 days.  
Braintree, Sept. 3, Harriet C. daughter of and C. R. our aged 11 yrs 2 mos 7 days, Aug. 21, 1867, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, and W. Phillips of this town, to Miss Mary Ann of Q.

Advertisements.

CATTLE SHOW

—AT—  
**Hingham,**

**WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY**

**SEPT. 25TH & 26TH, 1867.**

The grounds recently purchased by the Society, and in the spacious Hall erected for the present season.

ORDER OF EXHIBITION.

**WEDNESDAY.**  
Opening Match, 10 o'clock A. M.  
Working Horses, 11 o'clock A. M.

of the Hall, 11 o'clock A. M.  
Address by Hon. Solomon Lincoln.

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CLOSING OUT SALE.

In order to make room for Fall Goods,

the subscriber has this day

MARKED DOWN HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF

Dry & Fancy Goods

to such low prices as will surely meet the approval of his customers. Look at some of our prices and be convinced that you cannot buy better anywhere else.

Prints - 11 1/2 cents.  
Extra Prints - 12 1/2 cts.

Best Prints - 15 cts.  
De Laines (nice styles) - 22 cts.

Best De Laines - 25 cts.  
Mozambique - 19 cts.

Chinese Dress Goods - 37 cts.; former price 42 cts.  
A large lot of Plaids at - 35 cts.; former price 42 cts.

Thibets - 51 1/2 cts.  
Nice wool Balmorals - \$1.75.

All linen Table Covers - 88 cents.  
Russia Crash (very nice) - 25 cts.

All wool Flannel - 45 cts.  
Unbleached Cloth - 11 1/2 cts.

4 1/2 cloth - 12 1/2 cts.  
Best Cloth - 17 cts.

Beached Cloth - 12 1/2 to 25 cts.  
Also, a new lot of 25 Spring Skirts (3 in. tape) - \$1.25.

Also a complete assortment of MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS—such as Hats and Caps of latest styles; hand made Linen and Wool Shirts; Linen Hdkfs; Neck Ties; hand knit and Shaker Socks; Linen and Paper Collars, Cuffs, and Buttons; Undershirts and Drawers; Gloves; Mens, Boys and youths Boots, shoes and Rubbers.

All of which will be sold much under price.

At E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.

**Headquarters!**

Camp near the Baptist Church.

**Weymouth Landing**

Having formed a Copartnership under the name of RADCLIFFE & ALLEN, we are prepared to furnish a superior quality of

**Groceries,**

at lowest possible prices for Cash. In connection with this new branch of trade we shall also continue the

**STOVES**

AND

**Kitchen Furnishing**

**BUSINESS.**

Also, a good assortment of

**GLASS, TIN, WOODEN, & BRASS WARE.**

**Silver Plated Ware.**

PUMPS and PIPES furnished and set. Also, Pumps repaired at short notice.

FURNACES and RANGES furnished and repaired.

All sorts of JOBBING attended to with neatness and dispatch.

**A LARGE STOCK OF**

**First Class Cooking Stoves.**

Highest prices paid for old Iron, Copper, Brass, Lead, and Lugs.

**A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF**

**Crockery Ware,**

including original packages from the Importers, or

**STANDARD ENGLISH STONE CHINA,**

and all kinds of common ware, at the lowest CASH PRICES.

**RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,**

Broad Street, near the Baptist Church, Weymouth, Sept. 5, 1867.

**Will it Pay?**

TO TAKE A LITTLE TIME, AND GO TO

**N. C. ROGERS**

OLD STAND

Opposite Railroad Station,

**NORTH WEYMOUTH.**

and satisfy yourselves that HE IS SELLING all kinds of

**FLOUR AND GRAIN,**

**Groceries, &c.,**

Cheaper than any other Store in town!

**ECHO ANSWERS, YEA!**

Granulated Sugar now fifteen.

All other goods as low.

While Kerosene is less than fifty.

Will you please call and see.

If I DON'T SELL EXACTLY SO.

Just received the Agency for the sale of the

**Florence Sewing Machine,**

now acknowledged to be the very best Family Sewing Machine extant. Can be seen in operation any day, and its merits fully explained, by calling at the Store. Every machine warranted, and sold at non-manufacturers' prices.

I am also Agent for JOHNSON'S

**Patent Champion Force Pump,**

BRADLEY'S Super-Phosphate

TAKE NOTICE.

Those who have been unable to get their PHOSPHATE for planting, are advised to use it this time, and slightly covered with earth, will show its effects immediately after the first rain.

A single bushel of the plants will be noticed at once, and you will be surprised to see the quick start it gives them, and more surprised at the end of the season to see the large increase of crops, and at an earlier date.

TRY IT, and be convinced.

**TURNS**

Should never be raised without using 200 to 100 lb of BRADLEY'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE per acre at the time of sowing the seed. It will double the yield, and double the value, as to quality, for feeding stock.

Note the following from the distinguished English Chemist, Dr. J. J. GILCHRIST, in his report of the same kind of turns grown on the same field, one-half phosphate and the other with farm-yard manure present, the striking difference in the proportion of phosphate contained in the ash of the turns:—The one grown on phosphate yielded 40 per cent of phosphate, while the other, grown on farm-yard manure, yielded only 11 per cent of phosphate. This could not fail to make an important difference in their relative value for the feeding of stock, whose bones are growing, and which require a large amount of phosphate in their food.

"D. JAS. F. W. JOHNSON, F. R. S. S., L. E."

**BUCKWHEAT**

Where BRADLEY'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE has been used in growing buckwheat, the reports of its effects are even more astonishing than those of corn. Two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds to the acre, will be sufficient to make a heavy crop, and give satisfaction to all who wish to try it for buckwheat.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

**WM. L. BRADLEY,**

24 Broad street, Boston.

SOLD BY DEALERS THROUGHOUT NEW ENGLAND.

**N. M. Hobart, Agent at Weymouth.**

**South Shore Grove.**

This Grove having lately been fitted up with all the conveniences for the accommodation of

**PICNIC PARTIES,**

is now ready for use. This Grove is located at

**North Weymouth,**

about half a mile from the Depot of the South Shore Railroad, and within a few rods of the salt water. Apply to

**LEWIS A. BEALS,**

15-23 North Weymouth.

**STONE WARE,**

IN JARS, BEAN POTS, PUDDING PANS, &c.

ALSO,

**MANON'S**

**Self-Sealing Glass Preserve Jars,**

The best in the market.

**C. O. RADCLIFFE,**

17 Corner of Washington and Broad Sts.

**Fruit Jars.**

Just received, a large lot of various sizes Patent Self Sealing Glass Fruit Jars, at

**S. W. PRATT'S,**

**Notice to Tax-Payers.**

For the accommodation of Tax-Payers, the undersigned will be at the following named places for the purpose of receiving taxes, viz:—

At the store of John W. Bartlett, on Monday, the 24th of September next, from 10 to 12 a. m.

At the store of N. C. Rogers, on Monday, the 24th of September next, from 2 to 4 p. m.

At the store of Dicknell Brothers, on Tuesday, the 25th of September next, from 2 to 4 p. m.

At the counting room of Fogg, Houghton & Colledge, on Wednesday, the 25th of September next, from 10 to 11 a. m.

At the store of Wm. G. Nash, on Wednesday, the 25th of September next, from 4 to 6 p. m.

At the store of Samuel Burdell, on Thursday, the 26th of September next, from 10 to 12 a. m.

At the store of Wm. G. Nash, on Thursday, the 26th of September next, from 10 to 12 a. m.

At the store of E. E. Shaw, on Thursday, the 26th of September next, from 10 to 12 a. m.

And at the First National Bank of South Weymouth, on Thursday, the 26th of September next, from 10 to 12 a. m.

Office at N. White & Co.'s Drug Store, open at all business hours daily, (except on the above dates.)

**FRANK S. AMBLER,**

Treasurer and Collector.

Weymouth, Aug. 22d, 1867.

By vote of the Towns Meeting of 4 per cent will be made to all persons who pay their whole tax on or before the 31st day of October next. All taxes are due and payable on or before the 31st day of December next, and notice is hereby given that all taxes remaining unpaid after that date, will be committed to an officer for collection, and the legal fees and interest therefor will be added to the taxes of delinquents.

**FRANK S. AMBLER,**

Treasurer and Collector.

**Weymouth & Braintree**

**MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.,**

OF WEYMOUTH,

INSURES DWELLINGS AND OTHER BUILDINGS NOT EXTRA HAZARDOUS,

and their contents, at as low rates as any other reliable Company.

Amount at Risk April 1, 1867,

**\$1,300,000.**

Cash Assets, \$14,700.

Deposit Notes, \$40,000—\$50,700.

**ELLIOT L. WHITE, President.**

**ELIAS RICHARDS, Sec'y.**

**Canary Birds and Cages.**

A nice lot at C. O. RADCLIFFE'S, Broad street.

**SAUEL CURTIS, AUCTIONEER.**

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS!

HAVING REMODELED AND ENLARGED MY

**HARDWARE STORE,**

I am now prepared to show my customers and friends a

**NEW and much more EXTENSIVE VARIETY of**

**HARDWARE**

than I have kept heretofore.

You can now find here almost EVERY ARTICLE usually kept in a first class Hardware Store in Boston, comprising a

**New and Complete Assortment of**

**Builders' Hardware,**

**FARMING TOOLS,**

**Mechanics' Tools,**

**PUMPS, LEAD, ZINC,**

Well Buckets, Chains and Wheels, Brackets, Boring Machines, Horse Whips, Curbs Combs, Brushes, Saws, and Balances, Pocket Knives, Fancy Hardware, Bellows, and Table Castors, Pens, Pencils, Combs,

**OVAL FRAMES,**

And a great variety of

**USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES**

not usually found in country stores.

**KNIFFEN'S**

**Patent Mowing Machines,**

WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST

My Carpenter's Shop in the rear of the Store, for the sale of

**Doors, Windows, Blinds,**

**GLASS,**

Stair Rails and Posts, Balusters, Chain Pumps, and other BUILDING MATERIALS: Cutting Planks, Beams, Girds, Black Walnut, and other Moldings, Picture, Portrait and Looking Glass

**FRAMES, SQUARE, ROUND, OR OVAL.**

MADE TO ORDER, OF ANY KIND OF MOLDING desired.

**Looking-Glass Plates furnished, Sashes, Glazed, Blinds Painted and Trimmed.**

My goods are all bought for CASH, and will be SOLD FOR CASH after this date, at the

**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**

What little I have left of the old stock of goods will be sold at half price, as I desire to have some left to make up the new stock. I respectfully invite my friends to call in when convenient and see the

**FINEST STORE IN THE PLACE.**

In consequence of my determination to adopt the CASH SYSTEM, I have just

Marked my Goods Down from 5 to 15 per Cent, which I trust will be a sufficient apology for the deed. I am

**LOCAL AGENT FOR**

**SIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.**

**JOHN O. FOYE.**

Weymouth, May 2, 1867.

**JUST RECEIVED**

**HENRY LOUD'S,**

**A FULL ASSORTMENT**

**Dress Goods,**

OF ALL THE

**Leading Styles!!**

CONSISTING OF

**ORIENTAL LUSTRES,**

**PATENT POPLINS,**

**SILK FINISH MOHAIR,**

**ALSACIANS,**

**SCOTCH GINGHAMS,**

**DE LAINES, &c. &c**

**Piano**



## AGRICULTURAL.

**Pine Timber.**—Of the different varieties of pine the Weymouth pine is the most rapid in growth and light, and equal to any other in size of trunk. The Scotch pine is remarkably strong and vigorous, and next in value to Weymouth. Where soil is well adapted to the growth of pine and spruce, and the facilities now afforded for obtaining plants, no farmer is excusable for neglecting to plant belts of pine or other evergreens.

**Care for the Curculio in Plums.**—The West Branch, (Williamsport, Pa.), Bulletin, says:—"Mr. Evenden, the well known gardener of this city, says the following has been tested, and found to be a sure preventive of the attack of the curculio on plum trees. It is simple and easily tried. Take a quantity of corn cobs, with a wire around terminating in a hook at the end of the cobs; then dip them into gas tar until they are well saturated. Have a dozen or more on the tree, in different parts, and on the curculio will disturb the tree. Try it."

**Poultry.**—In "Geyelin's Poultry Breeding," we find the following general rules to be observed in poultry breeding, which should demand the attention of farmers at this season:

The stock must be fed regularly at sunrise and in the afternoon an hour before going to roost.

The hens selected to breed from should be kept apart from the cock until they are at least twelve months old; and the cock should not be less than eighteen months old before he is put with hens, as a too early call on nature degenerates the breed.

Whatever races are selected, they should be the most perfect specimens that can be obtained, as the first outcross will repay itself.

That the distinct race be kept strictly separate, except where it is intended to obtain a cross breed; and for this the finest specimens of both races and sexes should be selected.

Not more than six hens should be allotted to a cock.

After the third breeding year it is advisable either to sell the stock or to fatten them for the market, as they become less fecund, and their progeny are apt to degenerate.

The eggs should be collected at least three times a day, as in a fertilized egg when set upon for a few hours, the germ very soon gets developed, and the egg is afterwards unfit for hatching.

**Eggs and Feeds.**—Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he can't fuss about a garden, with vegetables and small fruits in simple variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, or potatoes, wheat, bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no graceful berries, no luscious peaches, or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up; work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever, too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a house in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating all summer the heat-producing food fit for cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale-fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate. A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits, and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too. Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from orchards every day, of early and late kind. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, strawberries, raspberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And bless your dear souls these things taste good! You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence, and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse-doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**Friday.**—Columbus sailed from Spain on Friday, discovered land on Friday, and re-entered the port of Palos on Friday. These curious coincidences should have sufficed to dispel the superstitious dread, still so prevalent, of commencing a voyage or any other undertaking on that ominous day. The deed of the old Ironside was laid on Friday, she was launched on Friday, went to sea on Friday, and fought her first battle on Friday.

## PIQUANTS.

Two fast young men, just returning home after a night's carousal, saw the sun rising. One of them insisted it was the sun, the other that it was the moon. They agreed to leave it to the first man they met.

"Excuse me, sir, but my friend and I have made a little bet whether that's the sun or the moon that's now rising, and we've agreed to leave you to decide the matter."

"Fact is, gentlemen, I should be very happy to; but you see, I am a stranger in the city."

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of years. "Well, Tom, how has the world gone with you? married yet?"

"Yes, and I've got a family you can't match—even boys and one girl."

"I can match it exactly, for I have seven girls and one boy."

As an illustration of the pointed style of some of the preaching at the Williamsport camp meeting, a correspondent of the Hartford Post gives the following:—

One of the preachers had occasion to refer to a person present, and said, "There sits brother P—, who used to be one of the meanest men in this section of the country, but grace took hold of him and shook it all out of him."

The love of base ball is wide spread. A little six year old was sitting upon the steps, with a base ball in his hand, gazing intently at the moon. "Pa, is there only one man in the moon?" asked he.

"That's the tradition, my son; the man in the moon is the only inhabitant of that bright world we have ever heard of."

After a moment's pause he remarked, with a sigh, "He must be a lonesome pa, with no one to play base ball with."

At a musical festival a chorus from Mozart's Twelfth Mass was sung. A gentleman who was present, discussing the music on the way home, exclaimed, "The piece I liked best was the chorus from the Twelfth Massachusetts."

A young lady went out with a rather timid beau sleighing one evening, complacently remarking to him that she seldom went a sleighing but she got chaps on her lips. The young man took the hint, and clapped.

A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one quarter of a yard.

"Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, 'would there be any left?"

A young gentleman named Turn recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that "some good Turn deserves another," and he had acted accordingly.

An old lady reading the advertisement of a boarding school, said, "For my part I can't deceive what on earth education is coming to. When I was young, if a girl only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common dominator, and knew all about rivers and their tributaries, they had education enough. But now they have to study botany, algebra, and have to demonstrate supposition about the sycophants of croasants, tangents, and Disgenes of pundeology, to say nothing about the oxhides, corosities, and abstruse triangles."

"My friends, let us avoid sectarian bitterness," said a returned missionary from the east. "The inhabitants of Hindostan have a proverb that 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you cannot get the crook out of it.' Now a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to wash his own peculiarity in peace."

The man who undertook to call things by their right names is now under treatment at the hospital for contusions upon the head.

A farmer near Montreal says no one need tell him that advertising won't cause a big rush, for he advertised ten bushels of grapes for sale, and the next morning there wasn't one left—the boys stole 'em all.

Onward-Objection-to-Presbyterianism-Hindostan is the name of a preacher's baby in Missouri.

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to his apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen all the different points in our trade. I wish to give you your choice of work for a while."

"Thanker, sir."

"Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?"

"Shutting up shop, and going to dinner, sir."

Why ought a pig to be the cleverest of animals? Because he has a hog-headed brain.

Which is the most powerful, earth or sea? The sea, of course; it has such heaps of muds.

A traveller stopping at an inn down East, was asked how the business men in New York were getting along.

## Weymouth Gazette

### BOOK AND JOB

### PRINTING

### Establishment.

### OFFICE IN DR. NYE'S BUILDING,

### OPPOSITE THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

### Weymouth Landing.

Having facilities for furnishing at short notice in the best manner, and on reasonable terms, every kind of

### Letter Press Printing.

All orders may be entrusted with confidence that they will be filled with care and despatch. Particular attention paid to work of the following descriptions:

LAW BLANKS, BLANK FORMS, BILL HEADS, BILLS LADING, BILLS FARE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, CHECKS, CERTIFICATES, CATALOGUES, SERMONS, REPORTS, HANDBILLS, SHOP BILLS, NOTES, LABELS, PLACARDS, POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, RECEIPTS, TICKETS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, &c. &c.

### The Weymouth Gazette

Is issued every THURSDAY MORNING, and will be furnished at Five Cents for single copies.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.00 PER YEAR, TO BE PAID STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted conspicuously and correctly at the following rates:

15 lines, one insertion, \$1.00. 25 cents each week for additional insertions.

One column, per year, \$75.00. Half column, per year, \$45.00. Proportional rates for other columns, of proportionate value.

The Gazette will be for sale at the stores of M. K. Pratt, Weymouth Landing; L. T. Brown, A. H. Wright, and at Post Office, South Weymouth; S. Burdell, Lovell's Corner; Henry Wood, Nathan Pratt, East Weymouth; N. C. Rogers, S. Blanchard, and J. W. Bartlett, North Weymouth. Also for sale by carriers.

## BAUGHS

### RAW-BONE

### Super Phosphate

### OF LIME.

### For wheat, rye, barley, corn, oats, potatoes, tobacco, buckwheat, sorghum, turnips, hops, garden vegetables, and every crop and plant.

### BAUGH BROTHERS & CO.,

General Wholesale Agents,

181 PEARL STREET, CORNER CEDAR,

New York.

Whiskers and Mustaches

For the removal of the same, the most

REMARKABLE CAPABILITY, the most

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## Advertisements.

### South Shore Railroad.

### SEASON ADVANCEMENT.

CARs leave Depot of O. C. and Newport Railroad, corner South and Kneeland Streets, on and after Monday, April 29th, 1887, cars leave Boston for East Weymouth, Weymouth, South Weymouth, and Hyannis, 10:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 11:00 a.m.; for South Weymouth, 12:00 p.m.; for Hyannis, 1:00 p.m.; for Weymouth, 2:00 p.m.; for South Weymouth, 3:00 p.m.; for Hyannis, 4:00 p.m.; for Weymouth, 5:00 p.m.; for South Weymouth, 6:00 p.m.; for Hyannis, 7:00 p.m.; for Weymouth, 8:00 p.m.; for South Weymouth, 9:00 p.m.; for Hyannis, 10:00 p.m.; for Weymouth, 11:00 p.m.; for South Weymouth, 12:00 a.m.; for Hyannis, 1:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 2:00 a.m.; for South Weymouth, 3:00 a.m.; for Hyannis, 4:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 5:00 a.m.; for South Weymouth, 6:00 a.m.; for Hyannis, 7:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 8:00 a.m.; for South Weymouth, 9:00 a.m.; for Hyannis, 10:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 11:00 a.m.; for South Weymouth, 12:00 a.m.; for Hyannis, 1:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 2:00 a.m.; for South Weymouth, 3:00 a.m.; for Hyannis, 4:00 a.m.; for Weymouth, 5:00 a.m.; 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# THE WEYMOUTH GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1867.

## THE P. L. L'S.

About 1000 Pure Liker Lovers had assembled, at a call hour, on the evening of our 24th meeting, when word was sent to me & J. & the principal liker dealers, that our Worth Head Seamer was lying on the floor, in a state of mind and body resembling that of the fishman while under the soothing influence of "that wonderful californ" which he and the doctor give him before cutting his leg off from his butt.

"Twas a plane case; the mixture of so many kinds of smells had overcome him. No time was to be lost; the crowd was rushing in, pell mell, over his prostrate body, and who knew but state knishies was among um, i rush to the door and lookt it. Our W. H. S. had fell a temporary martyr at his post, and ev'nt hart beet in sinperth. The knishies must be mended—we must have more Worth Head Seamers. Ev'rt man uv us stood a patriot, and was redy to fall a martyr; the knishies must be mended to meet the emergency, and two more larger beer barrels, on legs, cheer to share the pleasant, but arduous duties of the fallen hero. (We it not for speak uv myself, and appear in a fit of it, i note here remark that the election in these two martirs netted me \$20.)

Having laid hold on, and disposed of the horn uv this dilemma with our usual alacrity in handlin and disposin uv looms generally, and friend J. announced the likers as redy for adqshun. The announcement wasn't unkind. "Inishshun, inishshun," resounded everywhere.

Finally, a Mr. Gurler, from Kill Coaseience Cut, got the floor. He said:—"What on earth do we want uv bi lars? when our Maine business, for the last 15 years, has bin tryin to evade all law, human and divine. We've got a glorious knishieshun, ample in its provisions, and kiverin all our need, morally, roshially, physically, intellectually & spiritually & civilly. I move the bi lars b laid on the table, and that we pers to the knishieshun uv the first, or previous pint, viz: the inishshun pint." But as bi lars was insisted on in the knishieshun, we had to lay um.

My friend J. proceeded to read:—

ARTICLE 1.—This League shall meet twice a week, on Wednesday evening, any time after dark, for various & obvious reasons.

Section 2.—Six members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, provided the sum does not exceed the quo, when 12 members shall be requisite.

Section 3.—All meetings uv this League shall close before light, for various & obvious reasons.

The above was adopted unanimously.

ARTICLE 2.

Ev'rt member, on bein inishshun into this league, shall sine the knishieshun & bi lars, therin agrein to support and abide bi the same.

ARTICLE 3.

No sectarian matters shall be introduced into this League.

ARTICLE 4.

Each member uv the League shall be opened bi the Chief Worth Taper rolin the akount bi the weidin where the water turned into wine, concluding with the 251 verse uv the 5th chapter uv first Timolin.

These articles we also adopted unanimously.

ARTICLE 5.

In addition to the inishshun pint uv meeford, each member shall receive, at each weekli meetin, "a smile," consistin uv a gill uv whiskey.

This article was received with a host ov upphaws that shok the bldin from roit to foundation stin. As soon as the cheerin subsided, Mr. Gurler sprung to his feat & begged a hearing, to acknowledge his error. He sed he'd bin thinkin the matter over for the last half minit, & had kum to solun & deliberate knishieshun that lars, and bi lars, if rightli drawn up, was indispensible to the proper development of our moral, social and spiritual nature. All which had heartu four kum under his nois, or, vice versa, under nois uv which he had kum, had invariably bin too much uv the strate jakit and shoulder brace style to be pleasant or desirable. His hart was rejoiced to see the dornin of a better dn, when lars, and bi lars were taken on more uv the feather bed nature, and adaptin themselves to us (as viewed from a pint uv comfort) listed us to them.—He would onli add, that if, as he had before sed, our knishieshun was glorious—our bi lars was sublime!

Of course, the above artikil was adopted. Several others, relatn to knishies, &c., was also passed, and then the inishshun process commenced. The principal liker dealers stood at the hogshun forests, and friend J. karied round the sparklin cups, and i followed with the dockermasters for um ter sign. There was full 200 in the hall, and each was impatient to have his turn kum. More and more help J. carry the hold round, but as there was onli wun kopd uv the knishieshun and bi lars for them ter sign, 'twas necessary for me to keep close to J. as he distributed the inishshun,

and hav um put three names down befor the lekame, so overjoyed as to be oblivious to that doot. It was full 11 P. M. before the joyful ceremony was over, me & J. and the principal liker dealers uv Boston, bein the last, tho not the least, to sip and sign. Not to speak figuratively, i had i karied two uv mi pint at this meetin, perhaps more.—It wasn't long before strong men, bowed down thare bods and full prostrate, overkum by thare easyness of satisfaction and thankfulness. It was a movin scene and the most inclinest tribute to what our friend from D. launch Slough felicitously styled "the superiority of maw," that it was ever mi bi privilege to witness. I'd bin to sowin circles where 75 or 100 of the fare sex uv us on the platform at one time, and 'twas a perfect Babil, with onli the slight exception uv the tower. But here a round 2000 men had the floor at the same time, each with one, and totter with which, promiss-noush, and yet perfect order, rained, except that, now and then, a faint cry wud kum up:—"Can't we have the lie, lie, lie, smile to-mite?"

Noble P. L. L's.—Perfect Linber Legs, as wun uv the principal liker dealers whispered in my ear, yet worthi to be honorable members uv our stait semit, or even the national congress.—The scene reminded me uv the lines uv the poet:—  
"Honor and shame from no knishieshun rise;  
Drink Mefford rum; share all the honor lies."

How well, as i have often heard it remarked, the poet understood human nature! Havin kumpled with the injine-shun in the first part uv the final line uv the stanza, sure enuf, there did all did thare honors lie! And thare they lied and lied, till 4 A. M. when the overpoverin nature uv the beldins let up somewhat, and each arose, and "By the stragin moonbeam's mity life, And the leap post dily burnin," but mainly bi aid uv the latter, sought the stove hearth uv his affection.

PLAIN SPOKE ISAVIA.  
Secretary uv Popul's Liker League.  
Ollis uv Pure Liker Lovers, Baedua Hall, Guzzler's Junction, Black Valley Railroad, State uv Massachusetts, Sept. 10, 1867.

A Pleasant Trip.—A correspondent at New York writes the following of a trip over the Hingham line in the steamer Wm. Harrison:  
"In our journeying eastward we find many places of interest to visit but as our time is somewhat limited, we are obliged to arrange our visit accordingly; while in Boston we made a 'flying visit' to the old town of Hingham, but circumstances prevented us from going ashore, much to our regret. It was indeed delightful to sail along the forests and islands down the harbor, and what gave increased interest and pleasure was, that we found ourself on board our old favorite the William Harrison, which until quite recently run on the East River, and which was a universal favorite. We found our old friend Capt. Rowell and Mapes as Captain and clerk, and from them we met with a cordial greeting, and the short time we were on board we enjoyed ourself hugely. The W. Harrison is a model boat, every nook and corner, decks, gangways, cabin, carpets, all were kept clean and in perfectly good order. There seemed to be an eye single for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. The neatness and cleanliness at every where were visible, gave to the visitors an air of freedom and ease that is unusual on our boats. Capt. Rowell is in the right place, and the company are fortunate in obtaining the service of one of so much experience and so well qualified for the position, courteous and gentlemanly to all with a readiness to do everything possible for the comfort of passengers. One of the pleasant incidents connected with my sail on the boat, was in meeting with my old friend Easterbrook, one of the editors and proprietors of that spicy and interesting paper, the Hingham Journal. His foreman, Mr. Whiton, was also present, and to him is the Journal greatly indebted for its good looks and excellent mechanical execution. We also had the pleasure of being introduced to the world renowned "Propeller." Everybody knows him as one of the most indomitable and persevering business men in New England.

He is jovial, generous hearted, intelligent, and is determined that everybody shall have a good time wherever he is. He is just such a man as the world needs, and the more we have of such the better man will become. May his shadow never be less. We also met on board Propeller's colleague or right hand man, James Coffin, Esq., who's first winning his way into public favor by his lively and interesting writings. He and Propeller are bound to drive a team.

A match game of base ball was played on Saturday between the Liberty Square and Sheridans, resulting, Liberty Square 27 outs, 30 runs, Sheridan 27 outs 21 runs. The score will be given next week.

Mr. Robert Rich, Jr., whose decease is chronicled this week, had occupied the new house recently built for him, just a week previous to his death.

## THE FAIR.

The various committees for the approaching exhibition of the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society, (whose names are announced below) are zealously engaged in completing their arrangements to make the exhibition of a character creditable to the society and the town. Those who have never participated in the joys and duties of such an occasion can have but little conception of the amount of labor involved in the arrangements for these exhibitions, and exhibitors will confer a favor upon the ladies and gentlemen composing the various committees by promptly in response to their efforts to make the exhibition complete in all its aspects.

Each of the three exhibition days will present, beside the show of articles, attractive features of interest to the throng which annually gathers at these festivals. The base ball games on Monday will be contested by two of the South Weymouth clubs, who have made a very good record this season; and on Tuesday it is announced that other clubs in town, (particularly the Mechanics of East Weymouth,) will be entered for a second match on that day.

Tuesday's arrangements are full of interest,—plowing match, spading match, trial of working oxen, and horse trials. This will be the grand gala day of the exhibition. The address on Wednesday by Dr. Loring will, from his well known ability in agricultural and horticultural matters, be of great interest, and will doubt meet with due appreciation. As the musical part of the entertainment will be furnished by the Weymouth Band it may be expected that this will prove one of the most pleasing features of the Fair.

The programme of the exhibition will be found in another column. The following ladies and gentlemen compose the committees in the departments announced.

Ornamental Trees.  
Committee.—John S. Fogg, Chairman; John O. Fogg, Marshall C. Dyer.

Ploughing Match.  
Committee.—L. R. Waterman, Chairman; John Lloyd, John Shaw, Jr., Thomas J. Nash, Jacob Robinson.

Produce.  
Committee.—Wm. J. Shaw, Chairman; Geo. W. Pratt, James Holloway.

Cows and Horses.  
Committee.—J. T. Perry, Chairman; E. R. Waterman, Ezra Reed, G. W. Hennes, Edwin Spoon.

Bulls and Calves.  
Committee.—Loring E. Clark, Chairman; Alvah Raymond, John Samuel Thompson, Joseph T. Mann, D. S. Murray.

Working Oxen and Steers.  
Committee.—Oliver B. Shaw, Chairman; Francis Richards, Theodore Reed.

Swine.  
Committee.—L. B. Porter, Chairman; John Shaw, Jr., Thomas Beckwith, Granville Field, Saml. Vining.

Vegetables.  
Committee.—Charles Merritt, Chairman; J. C. Ripley, Samuel Shaw.

Beef Cattle.  
Committee.—L. W. Smith, Chairman; Charles A. Hayden, Wm. J. Shaw, Abner Curtis.

Sheep.  
Committee.—Wm. Taylor, Chairman; Josiah Martin, Elijah Hobbs.

Hens.  
Committee.—L. B. Porter, Chairman; Wm. A. Shaw, John Dyer, Wm. L. Bradley, Boston; Amos S. White, Henry Hunt, Abingdon; M. M. Hodgeman, Henry Lord, C. S. Fogg, Albert Hilditch, Alexis Torrey, Eustas Nash, S. S. Spear.

Vegetable Gardens.  
Committee.—Olan White, Martin Vining, Joseph Hayes.

Poultry.  
Committee.—Robert Richards, Chairman; Frederic Reed, Robert C. Weston.

Vegetables.  
Committee.—Q. L. Reed, Chairman; John Barney, George Fogg, Ezra Reed, R. C. Weston, Thomas J. Nash.

Bees.  
Committee.—Mrs. J. T. Perry, Chairman; Mrs. James Vining, Mrs. Peter Randall, Mrs. John O. Fogg.

Butter and Cheese.  
Committee.—Mrs. Wm. A. Shaw, Chairman; Mrs. Thomas White, Mrs. John W. Lord.

Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Honey and Confectionery.  
Committee.—Mrs. L. T. Fogg, Chairman; Mrs. Peter Lane, Mrs. J. T. Dyer.

Cranberries.  
Committee.—Elin Sherman, Chairman; Joseph O'Neil, Joseph Hayes.

Fruits.  
Committee.—Elias Richards, Chairman; O. B. Shaw, J. O. Fogg.

Flowers.  
Committee.—Edmund S. Hunt, Chairman; M. C. Dyer, J. P. Lovell, Wm. B. Robinson, M. C. Blanchard.

Flowers & Grasses.  
Committee.—Francis S. Fogg, Chairman; John A. Richardson, Elias Richards.

Manufacturers and Agricultural Implements.  
Committee.—John O. Fogg, Chairman; S. S. Spear, Thos. B. Hanger.

Committee.—John White, Chairman; Alvah Torrey, Henry F. Beckwith, Cyrus Smith, Elias Richards, William Warren, Lydia Sweeney.

Useful and Fine Arts.  
Committee.—Wm. H. Sargent, Chairman; Joseph Blanchard, Elbridge Nash, Wm. B. Vining, Mrs. A. L. Hunt, Mrs. Alfred Torrey, Mrs. J. T. Dyer, Mrs. Alexis Torrey, Mrs. B. W. Brown, Mrs. Sumner Shaw, Mrs. Norton Pratt, Mrs. Quincy Fogg, Mrs. Augustine Lord, Mrs. M. C. Dyer, Mrs. Emma Fisher, Mrs. Liza Foy.

Committee.—E. J. Joy, Chairman; Elin Sherman, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mrs. John O. Fogg, Mrs. Peter Lane, Mrs. Olan Randall, George Holles, Mrs. L. T. Fogg, Mrs. O. B. Shaw.

Robbery.—The shoemakers shop of Otis Smith, on Front street was broken into Wednesday night of last week and one dozen sole leather, three pair of outer and three pair of inner sole and two pair of finished boots stolen.

Real Estate Improvements.—The stable on the Tufts estate now occupied by Bonk's Express teams, is to be removed and a two-story building erected on its site, to be occupied by Mr. M. H. Reed, who will greatly enlarge his dry goods and clothing business facilities by occupying the new structure and the one in which he is now located. These aspects of improvement show that the Square is fast becoming a center of increasing trade, and the traders there manifest a wise forethought in preparing for a large development of business by extending their means to meet it. We learn that efforts were made by Mr. Reed to include a first class hall in the improvement of the estate, making the building three stories, but unfortunately the effort, though at first looked upon with favor, has proved unsuccessful. A spacious hall for public meetings is much needed at times, and would no doubt pay a good interest on the investment.

Funeral of Mr. Simon F. Wright.—A large delegation of custom-house employees and members of the police force of Boston came to North Braintree in a special train on Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mr. S. F. Wright, who had been employed in the custom-house for many years as a detective officer, and formerly acting as a policeman. Mr. Wright had reached the depot on Saturday morning to take the train for Boston and was standing on the track watching the shifting of a Boston train upon another track, when the Newport train arrived, and the engine striking him in the head, instantly killed him.

The services were held in Rev. Dr. Storrs' church and conducted by Rev. Mr. Alger of Boston. The house was crowded with sympathizing friends of the deceased. Mr. Wright leaves a wife and three children.

LETTER FROM NORWICH.  
Mr. Editor.—In a recent visit to Norwich, Ct. I was permitted to examine some of the ancient records of the place, and as a specimen of the vigor of law in ancient times, I have copied the following curious record:

"May 6, 1721. A complaint was entered by the constable against Samuel Law, doctor, for profane swearing. He was fined 10s.

Nov. 13, 1724. An Indian being found drunk, was brought before Justice Bushnell, and sentenced according to the statute, to pay a fine of ten shillings, or receive ten lashes on his naked body.—The Indian assented Samuel Bliss of selling him that afternoon that which made him drunk, to wit, two pots of cider.

The fine for selling cider or ardent spirits to an Indian was twenty shillings, one-half to go to the complainant. The Indian thus obtained just the sum requisite to pay his own mullet, and set his body clear.

1769. A man was presented for profane swearing, having been heard to say at the public house, damn me. Sentenced to pay the fine of 6s, and the cost, 6s. 3d.

Another man for saying Go to the devil, was fined 6 sh. and cost, 8s. 10d.

Aug. 26, 1698, they enlarged and repaired their meeting-house. The house was on a high ledge of rocks, back from where the Rev. Mr. Ames's church now stands. The house was built there as a lookout and fort. The pews were arranged into eight classes, according to their dignity. Five of the oldest and most respected inhabitants were chosen to seat the people, with due regard to rank. The square pew was considered first in dignity, the front seats in the broad aisle next, and so on.

In 1702 the house was again resented and a vote was taken as to who should sit in the square pew and the seats next to it, and the persons so seated were to arrange the remainder of the inhabitants. When the house was finished a committee was appointed to "dignify the seats" and establish the rules for seating the people.

In 1716 Mr. Benedict Arnold was chosen grand jurymen, but refused to serve. The town declared that if any one hereafter failed to serve, he shall pay a fine.

I have passed the house many times where Arnold was born. The house was taken down in 1853. The old well and its surroundings have not been altered, but remain as they were in Arnold's time. Arnold was the commander at the massacre at Fort Griswold and burning of New London.

NATHAN MAYNARD.

Meeting-house Repaired.—A subscription paper to obtain the funds for repairing the Meeting-house of the Union Religious Society of Weymouth & Braintree is being circulated with fair prospect of success. It is headed by Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Lord, \$1500, followed by Nathaniel Blanchard, \$500. If this spirit is pretty general in the society there will be no lack of friends to put the house and vestry in first rate condition and pay the debts of the Society.

We are indebted to Mr. George Field for a large supply of Western papers, and also to Mr. G. Cunningham for California papers.

## SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

Young man! please bear in mind that "putting on airs" will not elevate you a bit in worldly wisdom, give strength and scope to your intellect, nor pave your way to success and the topmost rounds of popular preferment. You may learn to sit elegantly, holding the ribbons of a 2, 10 nag, and exult in your powers, as the first blood of the turf; but, my dashing young fellow, if you presume upon such "trickling brass and empty sound" specialties, to strike a favorable sensation in the community, the only effect it will produce on those you design to elicit approbation from will be the crushing expression, "That chap counts large upon his father's pile; if the old gent don't say no very soon he'll swamp the whole concern."

Young man, 'tis very true that, compared with twenty years since, a goodly portion of our fathers have accumulated property exhibiting a commendable margin; but, young lad, in most cases there was economy and method in hauling in those thousands and tens of thousands; you are so anxious to put over the road and rapidly melt. Gentlemen of the old school, and shrewd business gentlemen of the present generation, understand that it takes nerve and backbone to hold purse-strings and retain savings; that it takes a course of severe discipline to brace the will up to a sufficient sticking point for self-protection, to say no?—Many a fortune flies like chaff, because a creditor, when importuned to toss out his money or merchandise, had not moral courage adequate to say no, no, no!—Unless, young men, you learn the transcendent importance of saying no, why, you are doomed.

Let us illustrate by story. Upwards of 40 years since we were familiar with a South Weymouth lad, who earned a juvenile reputation for decision of character. If urged to take a hand at nine-pins he could file in his no with many gusto. If urged to make up a card playing party he could find more profit and instruction in perusing historical works. If he avoided the use of cant phrases and nicknames for the aged, no frowns of youthful derision and laughter could dry him up. If his associates dined on their time and never ate, he would forego homespun, coarse raiment, and replenish his intellect with the refinements of geometry and algebra. If other claps eschewed Lindley Murray's notion of the correct use of the English language, he could say no, and by assiduity become the first grammarian in his district school.

More than 30 years ago this young man, removed from South Weymouth, and served as clerk to a business house; soon thereafter he was elected clerk and selectman of Weymouth; entered into trade, prospered, and in due time retired.

We have the honor to introduce our townsman, Hon. John W. Lord. If laudable ambition, sterling moral character, and an inflexible advocacy of liberal principles and the general elevation of the masses, deserve honorable mention, our friend merits a grateful remembrance. As a citizen his example might be equaled with profit by our youth.

In the political arena he has acted a prominent part; been twice elected to our State senate. As a public speaker he merits heavy callosities, takes a long range, and fires like a skilled engineer.

Knickerbocker.

The organ in the Universalist Church at the Landing has been sold for \$150 to parties in Michigan, and was shipped last Friday for its destination. The singing gallery is to be remodelled, with an open balcony in front.

The excursion of the Sabbath school of the Congregational church at East Weymouth, last Saturday was one of the largest of the season. A procession of large express teams, headed by the Weymouth Band, conveyed the party to the steamer Wm. Harrison at Hingham, where they embarked for Strawberry Hill. The day was spent in social entertainments, eating clam chowder and other good things provided by the parents of the children.

Rev. Antoinette Brown has requested further leave of absence from her pastoral duties with the First Universalist Society, and as her services in the cause of universal suffrage are imperatively needed in Kansas, the Society have voted to extend her leave till November 1st.

A match game of Base Ball was played between the second nine of the Excelsiors and the second nine of the Mechanics on the grounds of the former club, which resulted in the victory of the Excelsiors, the score standing—Excelsiors 25, Mechanics 25. The game was played last Saturday.

Mr. Geo. W. Locke, of Braintree, has left with us a bunch of apple blossoms and a perfect apple, plucked from the same tree a day or two since.

Edward Dowd, of Braintree, who was tried before Justice Humphrey a few weeks since, charged with setting fire to a building, was discharged at the September term of the Superior Court at Dedham, no bill being found against him.

## Marriages and Deaths.

DIED.  
In North Weymouth, Sept. 11th, of consumption, Mr. Robert Rich, Jr., aged 29 yrs, 1 month; funeral in Rev. Mr. Rockwood's church, Friday, at 2 P. M. Aug. 29, of consumption, Thomas Cleverly, aged 60.

In Braintree, Sept. 7, Mr. Simon F. Wright, aged 52 yrs, 1 month, 13 days.  
Sept. 10, of consumption, Edward Eugene Vinton, son of Frank and Theodora B. Vinton, aged 19 yrs, 6 mos, 21 days.

Advertisements.

## THIRD EXHIBITION

OF THE  
WEYMOUTH  
Agricultural & Industrial Society,  
SEPT. 23, 24 & 25, 1867.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, Sept. 23.

2 P. M. Match Game Base Ball, Excelsior and Liberty Square Clubs. Premiums, \$12, 88.

SECOND DAY, September 24th.

9:30 A. M. Ploughing Match.  
10 " Spading Match.  
10:30 " Trial of Working Oxen.  
11:00 " Trial of Draught Horses.  
11:30 " Disposition of Family Horses.  
11:30 " Matched Horses.  
11:30 " Four in Hand.  
11:30 " Trotting Collis.

1:30 P. M. Class 17, Trotting Ponies, mile heats. Premiums \$5, 81.

2 P. M. Match Game Base Ball, Excelsior and Mechanics of East Weymouth. Premiums \$20, 80.

2:30 P. M. Class 18, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

3 P. M. Class 19, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

4 P. M. Class 20, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

5 P. M. Class 21, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

6 P. M. Class 22, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

7 P. M. Class 23, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

8 P. M. Class 24, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

9 P. M. Class 25, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

10 A. M. Address by GEORGE B. LORING, of Salem.

11 A. M. Class 26, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

12 A. M. Class 27, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

13 A. M. Class 28, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

14 A. M. Class 29, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

15 A. M. Class 30, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

16 A. M. Class 31, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

17 A. M. Class 32, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

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30 A. M. Class 45, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

31 A. M. Class 46, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

32 A. M. Class 47, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

33 A. M. Class 48, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

34 A. M. Class 49, Trotting Horses, with Running Mules. Premiums \$15, 85.

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# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

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NO. 21.

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## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### TURN THE GRINDSTONE.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these  
three; but the greatest of these is charity.—(1st  
Cor., chap. 13, v. 13.)

One good turn deserves another—  
So turn the old grindstone, brother!

Turn the old grindstone, turn,  
And love and good will earn.

The treadmill of life is only a wheel,  
But its points and its grooves all must feel.

Whether we're honest or whether we steal,  
But honesty will bring good cheer.

And each kind deed will dry a tear;  
So turn the grindstone, turn,  
And deeds of kindness learn.

One good turn deserves another,  
So turn the grindstone, brother,

Turn the old grindstone, turn,  
Turn till the blisters burn!

A reward is given to each good deed—  
Help, therefore, your neighbor that stands in  
need.

And with a price by a heavenly crew:  
Win Faith, Hope, Charity, these three.

Greatest of these is Charity!  
So turn the grindstone, turn,  
And deeds of mercy learn!

C. H. DEARBY.

### MISERIES OF SEA BATHING.

Mr. Harris, who, last summer, visited  
Pargate, one of the English bathing  
places, relates some of the incidents of  
sea bathing, as follows:

There is a strong tide here at certain  
seasons, with unexpected currents and  
shifting sands. On one occasion, as Mrs.  
Harris was departing herself, under the  
direction of the speckled awning, a male  
voice addressed her from without.

"Go away, you wicked wretch!" she  
screamed: "go away directly, bad-man!"  
"Madam," replied the voice—"madam,  
it is the tide; the neap tide, or the spring  
tide, or something, and I cannot help it;  
it has carried away my bathing machine,  
and all my things, and I must climb in-  
to this one, or be drowned!"

"If you only dare," said my wife—"if  
you only dare so much as to lift the  
awning, I will—yes, I will—I will cry  
police!" and with that she ran up the  
steps as fast as her bathing gown would  
permit, bolted the door of the machine,  
and (she says) fainted. But the man  
held on desperately to the outside of the  
machine, and, as the tide rose, he was  
the water, dressed, and waded to his  
home.

I was nearly driven away from Par-  
gate last year by an affair of this kind  
that happened to myself. I had ordered  
out our vehicle to a great distance, under  
the impulse of my extreme modesty, and  
because there were ladies on the beach,  
and was swimming lazily about the pier  
head, when I suddenly felt myself drift-  
ing shoreward. I struggled to regain  
the machine; but the current—the cur-  
rent I had heard so much of—was too  
much for me. I was not afraid of drown-  
ing, for I could keep myself afloat well  
enough; but worse than death by drown-  
ing threatened me: I was being gradually  
borne, in spite of all my efforts, directly  
down upon the esplanade! I felt myself  
blowing from head to foot—tingling. I  
may say, from top to toe—and the water  
getting shallower every moment. I dar-  
ed not turn my face to shore, but raised  
my voice as well as I could in warning.

"Ladies!" I said—"ladies, the current  
is carrying me to your feet. I cannot  
help it—upon my word, I can't—and I  
shall be on dry land in a couple of min-  
utes. I shall have to run along the  
beach!"—I thought it best to tell them the  
worst at once—"I shall have to run near-  
ly a hundred yards, ladies, before I can  
jump in again with any hope of regaining  
my bathing machine." When I had said  
this I thought they would be off; but  
from a hurried glance over my right  
shoulder I saw they were still there, and  
about four and twenty of them, and I  
heard a sound of suppressed laughter.

"Ladies!" I began again—and now I  
wished I might be a sand-reef to the end  
of my days rather than what I was—"lad-  
ies! don't look in this direction; but I  
call you to witness it is only the cur-  
rent—"At this place I got my mouth  
full of sand, and found myself more  
than ankle deep in water. Let the Par-  
gate Star of the ensuing Saturday tell  
the rest; I am not sure, indeed, that it  
was not on the Saturday that this dread-  
ful thing occurred, and that there was a  
special edition of the Star devoted to me  
that very evening. At all events, here  
it is:

**Disgraceful Outrage.**—We regret to  
say that the esplanade of Pargate was  
made the scene, at mid-day, of a flagrant  
outrage, the perpetrator of which we  
trust, the police will make every effort to  
secure. While our fair promenaders  
were employing their minds upon the  
beach with thoughtful looks, or knitting  
graceful articles for the adornment of  
their boudoirs, they were terrified by the  
appearance of an elderly monster in hu-  
man form swimming swiftly towards them,

and uttering the most savage but unin-  
telligible sounds. [This refers, I sup-  
pose, to my simple statement regarding  
the force of the current.] "Our fair  
friends, of course, rose on the instant, and  
made the best of their way homeward"  
—(they did nothing of the kind, but sat  
as still and composedly as though I had  
been a novel species of jelly-fish)—"and  
the ruffian, having reached the shore,  
contented himself with pursuing them for  
a moderate distance with dreadful cries."

### JEFF. DAVIS

And his family with the Howells, now  
reside in an elegant house in Montreal.  
His next door neighbor is a worthy Cana-  
dian merchant, who has a Scotch wife  
of considerable pluck and spirit, and both  
take a great deal of pride in a beautiful  
garden which is attached to their house.

Since Jeff and his family came to  
reside next door to them the young mem-  
bers of Jeff's family have partially de-  
stroyed this garden by tearing down beau-  
tiful trees, tramping over flower beds,  
etc., much to the grief and annoyance of  
all the family. About two weeks ago,  
however, Mrs. Davis—took the law into  
her own hands. The circumstances are  
as follows: Jefferson Davis, Jr., was seen  
to climb the fence and get into the garden,  
and was quietly engaged in picking straw-  
berries and stuffing himself with them,  
when our Scotch lady immediately pro-  
ceeded to the garden, picked up a birch  
wand, and gave young Jeff a sound  
thrashing—letting him go with the ad-  
monition that the dose would be repeated  
every time he was found there uninvited.  
Of course the youth went home howling  
from the application of birch to his hips,  
and the whole family of the "President"  
was up in arms, and an immediate de-  
mand was made by the female portion  
of the family that Jeff Davis himself should  
proceed to the neighbor's house and de-  
mand satisfaction. He accordingly pro-  
ceeded, rung the door-bell, which was  
opened by the lady herself; after which  
the following colloquy took place:

Jeff Davis—I desire to see the lady  
of the house.  
House.—What may I call you if you'll ex-  
cuse me for speer'ing?

Jeff Davis.—(Hesitatingly)—I am  
President Davis.  
Scotch Lady.—On't; so you're Jeff.  
Davis, are you? You're a neighbor of  
ours, aren't you?

Jeff Davis—I am.  
Scotch Lady (rather snappishly)—And  
what may be your business with me?

Jeff Davis—I came to inform you that  
one of your servants abused my son Jeff  
in a most shameful manner.

Scotch Lady (rising to the dignity  
which attaches to a true matron)—Dinna  
deceive yerself, Mr. Jeff. Davis; it was  
name of my servants that gave the callant  
a kicking, I did it myself; and what's mair,  
if ever I find him in our garden again, I'll  
give him a double dose.

Jeff Davis—That is outrageous con-  
duct to both my family and myself. I  
will appeal to the law and have you ar-  
rested.

Scotch Lady (getting her mad up)—  
Arrested? Jist try that. I suppose ye  
think you're in the Confederacy and still  
President of it. You'd put me in  
prison, would ye? How did ye like it  
yersel'—it's no sae lang since ye got out?

Weel, you're a pretty man to talk of ar-  
resting anybody—jist after ye escaped  
the halter w' the skin o' yer teeth.

At this juncture, Jeff Davis beat a  
hasty retreat, leaving our Scotch lady  
still talking, and when the latter saw he  
was leaving, she slammed the door after  
him.

**Handkerchief Flirtations.**—The fol-  
lowing are said to be the signs:  
Drawing across the lips—desirous of  
getting acquainted.  
Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.  
Drawing across the nose—We will be friends.  
Twirling in both hands—indifference.  
Drawing across the cheek—I love you.  
Drawing through the hands—I hate  
you.

Letting it rest on the right cheek—  
yes.

Letting it rest on the left cheek—no.  
Twirling in left hand—I wish to get  
rid of you.

Twirling in right hand—I love another.  
Folding it—I wish to speak with you.  
Over the shoulder—follow me.

Opposite corners in both hands—wait  
for me.

Drawing across the forehead—we are  
watched.

Placing on right ear—you've changed.  
Placed on left ear—I have a message.  
Letting it remain on eyes—you're cruel.

Winding around forefinger—engaged.  
Winding round third finger—married.

### THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

"Upon my word, this is about the  
coolest proceeding I ever knew."

Colonel Templar sat in his bachelor  
sanctum, where the rays of an April sun-  
shine shone in lines of glittering gold  
among the Neapolitan vases in the  
window, and drove the little canary half  
wild with a silver-voiced delight—a sanc-  
tum crowded with a miscellaneous con-  
fusion of mementoes, in different stages  
of color, dressing gowns, cigar boxes  
newspapers, and gorgeous velvet slippers  
—he contracted his brows moodily over  
a letter whose pink paper and delicate  
scent of foreign perfume betokened a  
troublesome lady correspondent.

"Dear Sydney," Yes, I'm always "dear"  
when Bertha wants a disagreeable com-  
mission executed—what hypocrites, women  
are, to be sure—"an eligible house-  
wife, in some nice locality, it surely  
can be no trouble to engage one for us."  
No trouble, oh no! No trouble to rush  
from pillar to post house-hunting? Where's  
the indemnity of bachelorhood, I'd like  
to know? I might as well be a married  
man in good earnest, if I'm to be saddled  
with all the responsibility of the thing.  
I won't be imposed upon—I'll write to  
Bertha at once and tell her—

Colonel Templar gave his jet black  
moustache a savage jerk, and pulled his  
writing desk resolutely forward. Then  
a softer mood seemed to draw athwart  
his mind—he hesitated, biting the han-  
dle of his pen meditatively.

Poor little Bertha—she always was  
my pet cousin, and I suppose it is  
rather inconvenient for her to come all  
the way here to look for a house—and  
her husband will be in India till the  
middle of May, and—well, the upshot of  
the whole matter is that I'm doomed to  
victimize myself, and the sooner it's over  
the better. Heigho! where's the news-  
paper? I'll just look over the "To Let"  
first, and then I'll go to the estate agen-  
cies!

The sun was peeping from behind  
masses of clouds, like a shy beauty who  
alternately smiles and hides her face—  
the air was full of faint, serene colors,  
when Colonel Sydney Templar sallied  
forth, armed and equipped with various  
references, directions and addresses, to  
engage in the momentous business of  
house-hunting.

He was not a handsome man—yet you  
would have turned involuntarily to look  
after him as he sauntered by, attracted  
by the deep, smothered fire of his dark  
eyes, and the firm outline of his lips. So  
Col. Templar was not handsome, but  
he was what the ladies term—"interesting."  
Moreover, he carried an empty sleeve  
where the left arm should have been—an  
everlasting memorial of the red battle-  
clouds.

"It seems odd enough for me to go  
house-hunting," mused Templar as he  
stroled onward through the dusty streets.  
"For me the solitary, homeless recluse of  
one and thirty years old. Four years  
ago things appeared differently to me—  
four years ago I might have dreamed of  
a home of my own with Marion Caryll's  
bright eyes to light up its hearthstone!  
Ah, me! this is a world of change! a  
careless world—a little mis-understanding,  
and here I am a crippled old soldier,  
while Marion is probably the sunshine of  
some other man's life. Hold on—I am  
getting muddled and romantic—oh, Syd-  
ney Templar? This will never do, old  
fellow!"

The Colonel gave his heavy black  
locks a backward toss, as if impatient at  
his own folly, and vigorously directed his  
attention to the list of eligible residences,  
in his pocket book.

"No, 40—street; here's the very  
place. Want's painting badly on the  
outside, but may present a more prom-  
ising appearance within. At all events  
we'll try."

He rang the bell, and a brief skirmish  
of servants in the hall, a faded lady, in  
dyed silk, and hair in crimping pins,  
appeared.

"Is this house to let madam?" inquired  
our Colonel, deferentially.

"Well, yes, it is to be let, but you  
can't see it now."

"Can't see it now?"

"No," snarled the lady, vindictively.  
Hours are between two and four."

"I'm quite sure the female in the crimp-  
ing pins is an old maid," declared the  
Colonel, mentally, "and I think she must  
have breakfasted off broken glass and  
cambrie needles. I wonder if the peo-  
ple at No. 171—street, will be any more  
affable."

A pretty blue-eyed woman, in a "horn  
wrapper" and slippers down at the level  
answered the door bell.

"Can I see this house?" mockly ques-  
tioned Colonel Templar.

"Could you call again in about an

hour?" asked the blue-eyed one. "My  
husband is out, and we've been troubled  
with thieves and respectable-looking  
agents who carried keys with 'me, that—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Under the  
circumstances, I will not intrude," said  
Colonel Templar, with a comic elevation  
of the eye-brows. "Perhaps, however,  
you will be good enough to see that I  
leave the door-mat behind me, quite safe."  
"It's well I didn't let him come in,"  
was her mental comment. "He looks as  
if he might be a little crazed."

While Colonel Templar stroked his  
moustache, and pondered dubiously with  
himself, "I wonder if I do look like a  
rogue."

"Herbert! Bertie! don't you hear  
the door-bell? Bertie, I say!"

The gentleman apostrophized as "Ber-  
tie" was sitting at an old-fashioned man-  
ogany desk, absorbed in a pile of blot-  
ted manuscript, with dishevelled hair, and  
middle finger deeply stained with ink—  
evidently a young author, and very much  
in love with his profession. Directly  
before him stood the speaker, a young  
lady of twenty-two or thereabouts.

She was exceedingly pretty, with the  
innocent, dimpled beauty of a white  
kitten or a pet rabbit; blue-eyed, with a  
complexion where faint rose seemed to  
glow through the transparent skin, and a  
mouth like a dash of scarlet velvet, while  
her lovely golden hair was fastened  
straight back in a great lustrous twist.  
*En dishabille*, evidently, but quite pretty  
enough to excuse all defects of flour-  
sprinkled hands and hair half loose.

"Door-bell?" repeated the young man,  
staring vacantly.

"Yes, some one to see the house, I sup-  
pose—and I such a figure. Do, please  
go to the door, Bertie; there's a jewel.  
Mary has gone to the grocery's, and see  
what a state I'm in!"

She held up both dimpled hands, and  
nodded archly in the glass at a huge  
floury patch on the peach-bloom cheek.

"There it goes again! Do make  
haste, Bertie, and on your life, don't show  
any one into the house! I'm half-dressed,  
and bread is half baked, and I'm half dis-  
tressed, and the rolling-pin and spice  
boxes and egg-beaters are lying around loose,  
and—there."

And the young lady expedited matters  
with a dash that left five white dots from  
her eye finger ends on the back of Mr.  
Templar's cashmere dressing gown.

"The dear absent-minded goose," she  
pondered, as she fluttered down stairs  
into the kitchen: "if there's any mistake  
to be made here it's sure to make it. The  
more absentminded he grows, I do be-  
lieve."

"Why, yes, the house is to let," said  
Mr. Bertie, in answer to the courteous  
inquiry of the tall stranger. "And I  
suppose you want to look at it?"

Colonel Templar smiled.

"I should like to inspect the rooms;  
that is, if it is quite convenient."

"Oh, quite—walk in. This is the hall  
and—here are the stairs; and  
—oh! here are the parlors."

Sidney Templar glanced carelessly  
around the lofty rooms, thinking they  
would suit his ambitious little, cousin  
very well, when suddenly a portrait hang-  
ing over the carved mantelpiece caught  
his eye.

"Marion Caryll?"

He did not articulate the syllables,  
but they sounded through his brain as if  
a thousand silver tongue bells had pealed  
them forth! Yes, it was Marion Caryll  
with the bright golden ringlets floating  
away from her fair, blue-veined temples,  
and the rose mouth ready to break into  
smiles that were answered by the Jew  
sparkle of her eyes.

"Marion Caryll!" he repeated vaguely  
to himself. "And this is Marion's house,  
and Marion's husband is leading me  
through the rooms. How dreamlike it  
is!"

"I'm afraid you're tired," said honest  
Bertie, looking compassionately at Syd-  
ney's ashen pale face, and wondering  
that he had not before noticed how color-  
less he was.

"A little tired," stammered Colonel  
Templar, feeling the hot blood rush to  
his brow once more. But no matter—  
don't let me detain you. I believe you  
said the rent was—"

"I haven't the idea. I believe it is  
either one hundred and eighty, or per-  
haps sixty. I know we paid fifty, but the  
landlord is going to raise it, and Marion  
and I are thinking of a furnished cottage  
somewhere."

"Marion's husband is not a man of  
business," thought Sidney.

"Marion's husband?" How the word  
cut to his heart.

"Well, I'll ask Marion—she knows,"

said Herbert. "Now, then, I'll take you  
down into the lower department."

Oh, Bertie, Bertie, had you already  
become oblivious of the words of caution  
heaped on your luckless ears?

Pretty Marion, screwing the top on to  
one of her spice-boxes, heard the advanc-  
ing of footsteps with a sudden thrill of  
apprehension.

"It can't be possible that that goose,  
Bertie, has forgotten what I told him,"  
she thought. "He has thought, as sure  
as the sun is shining, and I'm caught."

Marion dropped her box of fragrant  
all-spice, and looked with wide open eyes  
of dismay at her big apron.

"They are coming," she stammered,  
turning alternately red and white. "There's  
no help for it. I shall have to hide in  
the preserve closet."

And our little heroine, ignominiously  
taking refuge in flight, ran lightly across  
the kitchen floor, and hid herself among  
preserve strawberries, East India ginger,  
and glimmering jars of cherries.

"If I don't lecture Bertie," said Mar-  
ion, setting her little white teeth together  
like belligerent pearls, as the two gen-  
tlemen came into the kitchen, and she  
heard their voices discussing the rela-  
tive merits of stoves and ranges.

"By the way," said Herbert, sudden-  
ly, "I believe there are some nice closets  
down here, at least Marion says so, and—  
hullo! the door seems to stick!"

He gave it a jerk. Marion's two  
hands held resolutely on the door knob  
on the other side. Another resolute  
pull, full of well directed energy, and the  
two little hands succumbed.

The door flew open.

Bertie staggered back into the middle  
of the room, and Marion stood there among  
the preserves, woefully confused yet laugh-  
ing wildly, like a marvelously pretty  
mouse in a novel species of trap.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie! I—"

She stopped suddenly as her shy  
glance met the eyes of the tall stranger.  
She stopped in the middle of the floor,  
checked in her instinct of flight by some  
stronger instinct, and blushing, she in-  
terlocked her white hands, and hid her  
den by the white lids, and the mouth was break-  
ing into a tumultuous smile—for Marion  
did not know whether she most wanted  
to cry or laugh.

"Sidney—oh, Sidney!"  
He bowed gravely.

"Until you introduce me to your hus-  
band, Marion, I scarcely know by what  
name to address you."

"My husband?" repeated Marion, fol-  
lowing the direction of Sidney Templar's  
eye.

"Oh, you mean Bertie! But he isn't  
my husband—he's my brother! Herbert,  
this is Colonel Templar, who fought so  
bravely."

Marion's face lighted up as she spoke;  
she had forgotten about the preserve  
closet and the big apron now.

"Colonel Templar, I'm glad to shake  
hands with you," said straightforward  
Bertie, "Marion has talked about you  
many and many a time—ay, and cried  
too, when she talked of you."

"Bertie."

Now she colored indeed; deep, deep  
crimson, like the red heart of a pome-  
granate blossom opening under tropical  
skies.

"But your husband, Marion?"

Bertie Caryll broke into a genial  
laugh.

"What fellows you soldiers are for  
sticking to one idea. Our Marion isn't  
married."

"Not married! Oh Marion?"

He took her hand and looked wist-  
fully into her eyes.

"Marion, we were very foolish once  
but I think we are both wiser now."

She did not raise her long lashes, and  
he went on.

"But, Marion, the crippled, war-worn  
soldier dare not ask the question that the  
lover would have pleaded so earnestly  
once."

She looked up now with tears lying  
brightly on her flushed cheek.

"Then I will ask it. Sydney, do you  
care for me still?"

"Do I care for Heaven's sunshine?  
Do I care for the blessed light that beats  
within my own heart? Oh, Marion—mine,  
mine forever!"

As he murmured the tender words  
close into her ear, Herbert Caryll, who  
had been abstractedly spinning the roll-  
ing pin round, brought it down on the  
snowy pine table with a bang.

"I have it! Fifty pounds a year?"

"What is fifty pounds a year?" ques-  
tioned his brilliant sister.

"Why, the rent, to be sure."

"Never mind the rent just now, Mr.

Caryll," said Colonel Templar, laughing  
good humoredly.

"Oh, but it is really fifty pounds a  
year," said Herbert solemnly; "and—  
why, look here! what is this about?"

For Marion had led Sidney Templar  
up to him and was smiling even while  
the tears hung on her wet eyelashes.

"Will you love him very much, Bertie?  
—for I think he is going to be your  
own brother."

"Exactly like the last chapter in my  
novel," said Caryll, sagely. "Shake hands,  
Colonel. And now, Marion, you take  
care of him, for most of my writing is























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Weymouth, Sept. 12, 1867. 20

*Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

[SEAL] To Dennis Lord, 2d, of Quincy, in the County of Norfolk, and to any and all other persons claiming any interest in the within whiskey in one jug, which, by virtue of a warrant issued by me, have been seized at the dwelling-house of and before Philip, 2d, in said Quincy on the seventeenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which said whiskey, as appraised by me, does not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear at my office at Newport, in Gloucester, at two o'clock P. M. on the thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, to answer to the complaint against said Philip and the vessels containing them, and for trial of the issues in law.

WITNESSETH my hand and seal, at Dorchester, this nineteenth day of August, in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-seven.

THOS. F. TEMPLE, Judge, Trial Justice.

A true copy—Attest,

JOHN C. GARDY, Deputy State Constable.

*Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

JOHN D. DENNIS Ford, of Quincy, in the County of Norfolk, and to a full and lawful age, hereby declares and swears in about six gallons of whiskey mixed and one jug, which by virtue of a warrant issued by me, have been seized at the dwelling house of said person, and returned to me, on the seventeenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which by him is estimated at about twenty dollars, does not, in my opinion exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear at my residence at Nepesest, in Dorchester, at two o'clock P. M. on the thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, in answer to the complaint against said liquor and the vessels containing them, and to try and to show cause, if any you have, why said liquors and the vessels containing them should not be forfeited for being kept for sale by me Dennis Ford, in violation of the laws of the Commonwealth.

Witness my hand and seal, at Dorchester, the nineteenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

PHOS. F. TEMPLE, Esq., Trial Justice.

**Call at**

# READ'S

## Clothing Hall

And look at those NEW COATS—\$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, and \$12.

Store will be open every week day evening

Sept. 11, 1867. 20

**DR. A. G. NYE,**  
**Dentist,**  
WASHINGTON STREET, - - WEYMOUTH.  
(CAN be found at his office EVERY DAY in  
a week, prepared to perform all operations  
his profession in a satisfactory manner.)

**OLIVER BURRELL,**  
House and Sign Painter.

House and sign Painter,  
ATHENS ST.,  
**North Weymouth.**  
Grinding in Oil or distemper, Paper Hanging,  
Gilding, &c. 8-34

**Carriages.**  
( ) NE nice Light Open Buggy, built by E. H. Hale:  
One Sundown,—both nearly new.  
Also, one Second Hand Open Express Wagon.  
For sale by A. J. RAS DALL, 117  
Pearl Street, Boston, and Weymouth.

**Notice is hereby Given**

THAT the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of MARY T. HEAL, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon him that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate and all persons indebted to said estate are required to exhibit the same and all persons indebted to said estate are required to pay the same to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of March next.

upon to make payment to  
JACOB F. HEALY, Exe.  
Cambridge, Aug. 17, 1897. 1924

29 *Commonwealth of Massachusetts*  
NORFOLK SS., Probate Court. To the  
at Law, Next of Kin, and all other per-  
interested in the estate of RACHEL ELIZ-  
HASTINGS, late of Weymouth, in said Co.  
married woman, deceased.  
Whereas a certain instrument purporting

You are hereby cited to appear at a P. Court to be holden at Roxbury, in said

And the said Charles W. Hastings is directed to give public notice thereof by printing this Citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Monthly Weekly Gazette*, printed at New

the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE WHITE, Esquire, said Court, this twenty-seventh day of June in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen.

J. H. COBB, Register.

1820

**SMITH'S COUGH TABLET**  
For Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and all Difficulties. A most efficient remedy. Price 75 and 50 cts.

*Smith's Oriental Hair Restorer*  
A valuable article for the toilet; highly  
recommended by those who have given it a  
trial. Price 50 cents and 1.00.

*Dr. Hich's Arnica Salve,*  
A sovereign remedy for Lameness, Burns,

Smith's Arnica Court Plaster.  
This article is superior to the common Arnica Plaster.

The above articles are manufactured by  
**FERDINAND SMIT**  
281 High street, Providence



THE  
WOMAN  
A BIRD

ing  
own  
see

**Weymouth**  
PUBLISHED THURSDAY  
**C. G. EAST**  
TERMS:—\$2 PER AN

**SELECTED**

ALL THE

The nights they come and  
And the rosy twilights  
And the stars are bright  
And I sit in the silence and

For the moon is out of  
The mornings come and the  
Yellow and purple, erise  
And the milkmaid sings a  
And the farm-lad whistles  
But all the while my heart  
For the lark, the lark is

The tides they ebb and the  
And the sun shines mo  
frown,  
And the ships with their v  
Like a forest of silver, co  
And all the while my hear  
For the one good ship g

When a person in the  
of life, possessing in  
resolves to make a  
way to respect, and att  
ard of intellectual cu  
voice is wont to mee

honied compliments : the few of our self-singled out from the made, is a feather to one's cap ; it involves timbers in the mental strain of machinerv, a

the boiler, to keep the explosive temperature.

Gen. Banks is self-made; our son is self-made; our mostly self-made. N

chanic, give us your ha

novel. About twenty

a spunky young man  
tic, turned some sho  
Boston, pretty soon v  
Weymouth. In those  
adventurers were rat  
the ring by the maj  
staid farmers, howev

soon made a hitch to  
who manufactures bo  
eyes glistened with del  
month was fixed as con  
rendering three or fou  
service he struck out  
scheme, to learn a ne

scheme, to learn a me-  
 a-certain how much b  
 tying up in the bou  
 would afford. Time r  
 ally "chips of the old  
 around; little mouths  
 Whew! didn't he have

'Tis past midnight  
 fled lamp in that work  
 iron will exemplified  
 fronts assume form ; and  
 with which he plies the  
 pelled by a momentum

the ones' many wants. elapsed. This mechanism "young America" to be running order for, and Backbone and vim co. See that ten-year old stretch" for school; s

object but the school-  
eye. After school-h  
upon that mechanic's  
ten year old is putting  
father bravely. Tim  
ten years lad attains  
exercise of the muse

hardy and robust; he is sharp, and modest as a strict grammar school t besides *base ball* ch that chap's jacket!

Let us now peep in

High School. Upon sits the aspiring lad, with of a gentleman. The recitations attests his persistent application. In evening, he rolls up his crimping boots, earns

He graduates with  
The member of Cong  
trict advertises for a  
dates for the West P  
committee of learned

thorised to examine and commend the success of the High School lad aspirant. He was examined by the board of examiners, and, in due course, he was declared to be satisfactory; physically, he was pronounced a suitable

pil to enter West Po  
 friends; so has Gen  
 This High School b  
 Weymouth—so does  
 are they?" Guess,

1